

Shut Up (Make Me)

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Summary

“Fine.” Sapnap crossed his arms. “But only if you admit that you liked it.”

George’s eyes practically bugged out of his head. “What?!”

“Come on.” Sapnap grinned, cocking his head to the side. “Admit it. You liked it.”

“Liked what?”

“Listening to me.”

George can hear all the sex Sapnap has though the wall of his dorm, and he's beyond done

with it. And if complaining about it will get the raven in question on top of him, then, well, he's not complaining.

Notes

self-indulgent college au is self-indulgent lol
this was very fun to write and i hope you enjoy reading it :] not enough georgenap
(sapnotfound?) on this site, i think their angry/annoyed at each other dynamic is fun to play
with

and oh my god this thing is SO LONG and that was not the original intent lol but i hope you
enjoy

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George couldn't be happier with his roommate.

Dream was nice, Dream was funny, and the two of them respected each other. It was better than George had ever thought it would be, seeing how he spent practically all of high school fearing the worst.

George had been expecting someone loud, someone obnoxious, someone who didn't care for his needs and wouldn't listen to his complaints. Someone who would make too much noise and not listen to criticism about it, someone who would disrupt George while he was studying and not take 'no' for an answer. Someone stubborn, but in a bad way.

But Dream wasn't like that.

Dream—despite his position on the football team and an appearance that made it look like he was about to beat George to a pulp—was nice. He was soft and too-concerned about bothering George, always asking if the volume on his TV was up too high or if it was getting too late for him to still have his lights on.

Dream was sweet. George liked being his friend, and he was beyond happy he had a roommate he got along with.

On the contrary, Sapnap was everything terrible that George had expected. And they weren't even roommates.

Sapnap was in the room adjacent to his and Dream's. He *had* a roommate, George met him once—his name was Karl. Karl was like Dream, too-nice and caring. But about a week into the first semester of freshman year, he got homesick and moved off-campus. He only lived twenty minutes away, and he was more than willing to make the commute to and from the university every day.

Which meant Sapnap was alone in his dorm room, and he thought he could make as much noise as he wanted.

George had picked the wrong side of the room on move-in day. He had chosen the bed against the wall that him and Dream shared with Sapnap. At the time, he didn't realize how fatal his mistake was. At the time, he didn't realize that Sapnap's bed was on the other side of that wall. At the time, he didn't predict Karl moving back home or the fact that Sapnap would have the loudest fucking sex *every night*.

The moment Karl moved out, it started. Like he had been waiting for it.

After helping his now ex-roommate move all his stuff out of their dorm, Sapnap brought someone home. And he fucked them loud enough for George to hear every piece of it, eternally envious of the noise-cancelling headphones Dream had on. The blond was completely oblivious, and George was alright to keep it that way—he wasn't going to bother Dream and make him suffer, too.

Sometimes, it was during the day. And when it was fucking 2 pm and George was trying to enjoy some alone time in his dorm, he was *not* going to sit there and listen to Sapnap fuck someone's brains out next door. So he'd go to the library, or on a walk, or just fucking *somewhere*, anywhere

but his bed next to the wall he shared with that fucking menace.

But when it was four in the morning and George couldn't sleep, he wasn't about to get up and leave. So he'd lay still in his bed with his eyes wide open, letting his ears spill over with all the grossly lewd sounds from the next room over.

He'd think about getting up and stealing Dream's headphones, but he never wanted to wake him up. The dorm beds were exceptionally creaky, and even so much as rolling over made a completely excessive amount of noise. Dream wasn't a light sleeper, but he certainly wasn't heavy, either.

And besides, George would feel bad if he took something of Dream's without asking him first. And his headphones were nice, and he'd paid for them himself, and George didn't want to encroach on what seemed to be his favorite thing.

But it was loose screws and creaky beds that served to make Sapnap's decisions worse on the poor brunet's ears, stuck listening to everything from near-screaming to the creak of a bed that kept slamming into the wall.

George was astounded that Dream never woke up. He was even more shocked when, two and a half weeks into the fall semester, he brought it up to Dream and received confusion in response.

"You mean you've never heard it?"

"Heard what?"

George hadn't wanted to say it out loud, but he screwed his eyes shut and forced the words out of his mouth. "The terribly loud sex Sapnap keeps having."

"Is that why you keep complaining about not getting any sleep?"

George nodded slowly, prying his eyes open.

"Why don't you talk to him? I'm sure he'd understand, he probably doesn't realize how loud he's being."

He did not understand.

George knew that Dream was too forgiving. Knew that he handed out second chances on a silver fucking platter. And he was friends with Sapnap—they were from nearby hometowns and played football together. They were on rival teams in high school, but Dream says they were always more of frenemies. Playing for the same team in college only made them grow closer.

That almost made it worse. George wished he'd never brought it up to Dream, he was far too willing to side with the raven. George felt like he was battling two football players all alone, and he was a tad too small to pull that off.

When he knocked on Sapnap's door the day after his talk with Dream, he had answered with messed-up hair and no shirt on. George couldn't help but notice the red scratch marks on his shoulders, or the clear indication of someone else in his bed behind him.

The way he'd drawled out "what's up?" in his half-deep morning voice had been insufferably hot, and George hated that he'd even had that thought.

He tried to ignore the unholy thoughts he was having. He had come here to complain, to try and knock some sense into the idiot in front of him. *Not* ogle over his objectively hot body, or think

about that same deep voice whispering naughty things in his ear at night.

Definitely not that.

So George rolled his eyes and crossed his arms, attempting to play up his annoyance with an overly cross tone.

“Can you shut the fuck up for once?”

Sapnap seemed struck by the brunet’s confidence. His dark eyes widened for a moment, leaning back slightly from his position with one hand on the top of the door frame.

Then the shock fell away, and he smirked. George wasn’t sure if he was more annoyed or turned on.

“Well, *I’m* not the one who needs to shut up, yeah?”

George wanted to punch him. Wanted to punch him even more when he closed the door in his face, leaving George standing in the hallway dumbfounded. He pounded on the door one more time, felt a swear-filled shout rise in his throat, but he swallowed it before it escaped.

It was eight in the morning, after all, and there *were* other people in this hall. So George dropped it and went back to his dorm next door, complaining to a half-asleep Dream about the raven’s inability to listen.

Dream didn’t seem to be listening, either. But at least he had an excuse.

Unsurprisingly, Sapnap did absolutely nothing close to listening to George's complaints. If anything, he seemed to be making *more* noise. George wasn’t sure how he wasn’t receiving complaints from the whole damn hall at this point, but he supposed that his close proximity made him more susceptible to hearing it.

And though he loathed to admit it, he couldn’t help but think that Sapnap had to be *good* at whatever he was doing in there. To get noises like that out of so many different people took a kind of skill that George certainly did not have.

That fact only made it more infuriating. He was clearly cocky about it, and he clearly had reason to be. It only made George more desperate to punch him in the face.

It was nearing the four week mark since move-in day when Sapnap came over to hang with Dream. George knew they spent a lot of time together, most of the time in other places. Dream would go to Sapnap’s a lot, as that way, he wasn’t bothering George. But Sapnap—being the demon that he is—had made some complaint about how he’d never seen Dream’s dorm, and “it’s been a month, can’t I come over just once?”

And Dream being Dream, he said yes.

Of course he warned George about it, wore a half-concerned look on his face and assured him, “I can kick him out if he gets to be too much.” George only shrugged, saying it was whatever. He was half-tempted to ask Dream if he could borrow his headphones, but they were charging and he was a tad too afraid.

Not that Dream was mean, George was just bad at asking for favors. He was better at complaining (fruitlessly) to obnoxious ravens he was forced to dorm next to.

And George couldn't just leave his dorm, not tonight. He was working on a coding project that could only be done on his laptop, and he'd tried to work on it in the library earlier that week (when Sapnap was fucking someone at eleven am. *Eleven am??* Who the fuck has sex that early?) but the building was too distracting and the service was finicky.

So George sucked it up and sat at his desk. Put on his own headphones—that were not noise-cancelling—and tried to work in peace. Sapnap wasn't here to *fuck* Dream, so he barely expected their voices to be louder than his music.

And he was right, they weren't. The only indication George had that Dream and Sapnap were there was the fact that he could see them sitting on Dream's bed, but he could barely hear them at all. And if he focused hard enough on the music and his project, then his brain would block them out completely.

It was smooth sailing for nearly three hours. Then Dream left, whether to go to the bathroom or the dining hall or whatever, George didn't know. The only thing that meant to him was that he and Sapnap were alone.

He hoped the raven would go back to his dorm. Or at least go on his phone. Hoped he would do anything mindless and time-killing, anything but get up off the bed and tap George on the shoulder.

George groaned and ripped his headphones off. "*What?*"

It came out a tad more annoyed than he planned, but that wasn't necessarily a bad thing. He didn't feel the need to show Sapnap any respect, not when he couldn't show any to him.

"Sheesh, Georgie, no need to get so snappy."

George frowned. "Don't call me that."

The chuckle that Sapnap let out was undeniably attractive, though George wasn't sure why. He'd never found something like a laugh *hot*, not in a way that made his stomach twist with heat and his palms get sweaty.

"Dreamie left," Sapnap said in a sing-song tone, raising his eyebrows as if implying something.

George rolled his eyes. "So? He'll be back soon."

"Nope, he has class."

Shit. Somehow, George managed to forget about Dream's one night class. Somehow, he managed to forget that it was a lecture.

"Then why are you still here?"

"Change in scenery is nice." Sapnap flicked at his nails casually, the half-smirk twitching at the corners of his lips. "And I thought I could keep you company."

"I'm busy."

"Oh come on, I bet that project isn't due for like, a thousand years," Sapnap insisted. "Hang out with me, Georgie. It'll be fun."

He was whining, but the grin on his face destroyed every high note in the noise. It was annoying, it

was insufferable, and it definitely was *not* making George hard. No way.

“I don’t like you.”

Sapnap lowered his eyebrows in mock sadness, putting on an exaggerated tone of offense. “That’s mean, Georgie.”

George scoffed. “Stop being fucking annoying, then.”

“How am I annoying?” Sapnap pressed. “Tell me, Georgie. Tell me all the ways I annoy you.”

“I’ve already told you,” George complained. “You have the loudest fucking sex. We share a wall, dumbass. Can’t you shut the fuck up for once?”

Sapnap laughed. Properly, loudly laughed. It was not hot, it was annoying. Nothing about this guy was hot. Absolutely nothing.

“You don’t mean that.”

George stood up abruptly, turning to face Sapnap. He was struck by just how much taller the raven was than him, practically towering over George with that damned smirk on his face. He watched George stumble back, watched him hit his back against his desk, watched every ounce of intimidation and anger drain out of his eyes the second he was forced to look *up* at Sapnap’s face.

“What?” Sapnap teased, spreading his arms out as if welcoming an embrace. The snap in his tone did not make his gesture welcoming. “What were you gonna say, Georgie?”

“I-I...” he stuttered, eyes looking everywhere but at the raven in front of him.

He couldn’t even bring himself to meet Sapnap’s gaze as he approached him, getting all kinds of in his personal space, close enough for George to feel the taller’s breath on his lips.

“You want me to be quiet?” Sapnap teased. “Want me to stop having *loud sex* next door?”

George lowered his eyebrows, but there was nothing behind the action. And when he finally returned eye contact to Sapnap, there was no bite in his flushed face. He was clearly being affected by *something*, whether it was the scent of the raven’s cologne, their close proximity, his towering height, or the smirk on his face.

Sapnap did something to George, and he could tell.

“Yes.”

“Fine.” Sapnap crossed his arms. “But only if you admit that you liked it.”

George’s eyes practically bugged out of his head. “*What?!*”

“Come on.” Sapnap grinned, cocking his head to the side. “Admit it. You liked it.”

“Liked *what?*”

“Listening to me.”

“I did not!”

It was so clearly a lie it almost hurt.

Sapnap's gaze flicked downward for a split second—almost too fast for George to notice—and he laughed. It made George's face darken, drew his eyes away from the raven again as he looked to Dream's bed.

"Come on," Sapnap teased. "You could've asked Dream for those nice headphones of his, you know he would've given them to you. But you didn't, did you? Admit it, you *wanted* to listen to me rail half the fucking college campus."

George frowned, and the expression looked ridiculous on his flushed face. "No."

"Oh? You gonna tell me I'm wrong?"

The heaving breaths were all Sapnap needed to hear. He was silent, not denying it. Silent, not *telling Sapnap he was wrong*. Because he wasn't.

"You can sit there and pretend to be all annoyed, Georgie, that's not gonna make me want to fuck you any less."

George's eyes snapped back to meet Sapnap's. He searched the raven's face for any inkling of a lie, any tiny, miniscule hint of mistruth, anything that would scream that this was all some pathetic joke.

He found nothing but honesty. Teasing, insufferable honesty.

"W-What?"

Sapnap laughed again. "You want that?" He leaned closer to George's face. The brunet leaned back, holding the edge of his desk with white-knuckled grip. "You want me to fuck you? Show you exactly *why* all those pretty sluts I take home scream so fucking loud?"

George swallowed thickly. "Yeah, yes please."

That was all it took for their lips to crash together. It took George a second to process it, all of it, before he realized that he should be kissing back.

Sapnap grabbed George by the waist and slotted their hips together, wasting no time to grind down on the brunet. The single roll of his hips had George whining pathetically into his mouth, feeling the way Sapnap smirked into the kiss as he slid his tongue between George's lips, urging him to open wider and welcome the intrusion.

It was hot. It was so, so hot. The air between them was thick and heavy, and George was turning nails to Sapnap's shoulders while he tried helplessly to pull the raven in closer, sucking on his tongue as if to beg him to roll his hips again.

Sapnap slid one hand up George's body, grabbing onto his throat. When that pulled a gasp from the shorter, he pulled off, smirking down at George and his spit-covered lips.

"Oh, you like that?" George nodded meekly, urging Sapnap to squeeze his throat tighter. "You want me to choke you?"

George swallowed. Sapnap felt the bob of his Adam's apple against his hand.

"You're even sluttier than I thought you'd be."

Those words on Sapnap's lips were almost as hot as the man himself. It made George desperate

enough to grab his collar and drag his lips into his again, sucking on the raven's bottom lip until he was grinning against him, sliding his tongue back into his mouth while he tightened his hold on George's throat more.

He only squeezed on the sides of his neck, not doing anything to George's actual airflow but doing everything to the blood trying to get to his head. It made George's head feel funny, made him all tingly and pliant in Sapnap's hands. And the raven savored his pounding heartbeat against his palm, the way he tugged on him and shoved their hips together as if pleading for Sapnap to move his again.

So he did. Only once, but still enough stimulation to make George moan. It was barely strangled by the hand on his throat, hot enough to make Sapnap pull away and admire the way he was already ruining the shorter.

"Shirt," George whined, tugging on Sapnap's collar.

Sapnap smirked. "You want me to take my shirt off?"

George whined. "Please."

He chuckled, pulling his hand off George's throat and leaning back to strip his shirt off. George couldn't do anything but stare at him, finally in a situation where it was properly correct to stare obviously at the body in front of him.

Yeah, Sapnap was hot. George would be the first to admit it. And the fact that he *knew* he was hot only made him that much more attractive, all cocky smirks and flexed muscles.

"You're drooling," Sapnap teased, smearing his thumb up George's chin.

George only whined again, reaching out to grab Sapnap and pull his body closer. But the raven scarcely budged, instead sliding hands under George's hoodie so he could tug it off as well. It left both of them shirtless, in the perfect situation for Sapnap to slide their skin together and feel the heat of George's body.

George leaned into Sapnap's lips again, but the raven was going for his neck. In the midst of George's disapproving whine, he grabbed a fistful of the brunet's hair, tugging his head back forcefully to give himself better access.

And he used that access greatly. He bit marks into George's pale skin, pulling whines from the shorter boy while he marked his skin pink. And when George felt his knees buckle beneath him, he dug nails into Sapnap's bare shoulders and panted out a desperate "*bed*" in the midst of his collapse.

Sapnap grinned against his neck, scooping George up in his arms and practically throwing him onto his bed. George reveled in the way he bounced off the mattress, the frame already creaking under the weight as Sapnap crawled on top of him.

The raven let his eyes roll over George's body, all pretty and spread out for him. George was breathing heavy, lips bitten and neck already blemished. But there was still so much exposed skin, too pristine and untouched for Sapnap's liking.

"I'm gonna mark you up good," he huffed, leaning down to press his lips against George's throat again. "Cover you in hickies, then everyone will know you belong to me."

George shuddered. *Belong to Sapnap?* There was still a hidden part of his brain that was almost

frustrated by the idea, completely and utterly against the prospect of *belonging* to Sapnap. But the idea still made him shiver, made him whine under Sapnap's harsh teeth, his mouth slowly moving down the canvas of George's body.

"P-Please..." George sputtered, lacing fingers through Sapnap's dark hair.

"Please what?" Sapnap teased, sucking another mark into his chest. "Use your words, doll."

George shuddered. "Touch me..."

Sapnap grinned. "Touch you?" He received a nod in response. "Touch you..." he slid a hand down George's side, feather-light in his touch, palm finally landing on George's crotch. "Here?"

George inhaled sharply. "Please."

Sapnap chuckled, squeezing George's cock lightly as he bit down on his nipple. George keened, tugging on Sapnap's hair harder. The raven squeezed his hand down, rolling his palm gently against the straining erection, swirling his tongue around his nipple in tandem.

"Please, please, please," George begged, head thrown back against the mattress as he bucked up into Sapnap's hand. "Need you, please."

Sapnap pulled his lips off of George, looking up at the brunet with spit-covered lips. "Need me?"

George whined in confirmation, squirming incessantly. Sapnap only rubbed at his cock with increased intent, making the brunet under him whine louder.

"Please, please, want you to fuck me."

Sapnap laughed lowly, putting his free hand on George's throat again. He neglected to apply any pressure, but it was clear that he didn't need to. George's eyes were all blown-out and he twitched against Sapnap's palm, lips parted and moving hopelessly in search of words he couldn't find.

"I'm sorry." A smirk curled over the raven's lips. "I didn't quite catch that."

George whimpered. He didn't want to say it again, so he only dug nails deeper into Sapnap's shoulders, scratched down his biceps in long, red stripes, whined through his open lips and tried begging with his eyes.

As hot as it was, Sapnap wanted to hear those words on his pretty lips again,

"Come on, doll. Say it again."

He retracted his hand from George's cock and tensed the one on his throat. George wasn't sure if he was pleased or frustrated, but he let out a high whine anyways. He clawed at Sapnap's arms harder, leaning up into the hold he had on his throat, wrapping a leg around the raven's waist and pulling his hips down into his.

George moaned at the much-needed friction, feeling the rub of Sapnap's cock against his own straining erection. The wrap of George's legs made Sapnap fall against his body, positioning his lips right by the brunet's ear. Close enough for him to flick out his tongue and lick up the side of it, close enough to whisper in a way that let George feel his breath on his skin.

Sapnap tightened his hold on George's throat further. "Say it again or I'll leave."

His tone was infinitely darker, lower, and halfway to growling. It made George shiver, the

involuntary movement pressing his hips up harder against Sappnap.

“Fuck me, please...”

Sappnap grinned. “That’s what I like to hear.”

Sappnap pulled his hips up and removed his hand, leaving George whining over the lost contact. As the raven sat up on his knees, George’s hands fell away from his biceps—now visibly marked with scratches. George felt half-tempted to apologize, but Sappnap wasn’t complaining, grabbing the waist of George’s pants and tugging them off.

Both George’s sweatpants and boxers wound up on the floor, leaving him naked in his bed. He almost wanted to move his hands down to cover himself, but he couldn’t bring himself to do anything but stare at Sappnap with pleading eyes, cock leaking on his stomach.

“Aw, look at you,” Sappnap cooed. “You’re so fucking desperate for it.”

George whimpered, spreading his legs as Sappnap moved to kneel between them. He wrapped his leg around the raven’s waist again, pulling him down hard enough to slam his hands against the bed. George practically savored the creak of the shitty bed frame, pulling the raven harder against him so he could feel his clothed cock against his bare skin.

He grabbed at Sappnap again, this time wrapping slender fingers around his chest. He pulled helplessly at his body, mewling up at him in a loss for words. He just wanted to be *touched*, but he didn’t dare say it out loud.

Sappnap was practically awestruck by the way George was acting. He’d known the brunet to be a bottom the moment he saw him on move-in day, figured he’d be easy when he got so flustered at his door, but he could have never imagined George being *this* pretty and desperate.

He’d be the first to admit that it looked damn good on him.

Sappnap pressed kisses to the side of George’s neck, accepting the harsh nail-first treatment to his chest. He leaned into George and sucked on his skin gently, prodding at his hole with his middle finger. George pressed down into the touch, whining in a desperate need for contact.

“Where’s your lube?”

Every word was breath against George’s ear, making him shudder. He slid his hand off Sappnap’s chest with another line of scratches, gesturing lazily toward the drawers beside his bed.

Sappnap grinned, sitting up between George’s thighs. He grabbed the brunet’s lax wrist and pressed a kiss to the back of his hand before leaning over to the drawers.

“Top,” George said breathlessly. “Top drawer.”

Sappnap pulled open the top drawer, eyes already in search of the lube. And it was everything but the lube that made Sappnap freeze, eyes travelling slowly to look at George on the bed.

The brunet was flushed red—practically all the way down his body. And the moment Sappnap’s eyes landed on him, he threw his head against the pillow and stared at the wall, nails digging into his palms.

“Georgie.” Sappnap’s lips curled into a smirk, eyes darting between the drawer and George’s embarrassment. “Baby, what’s this?”

George squeezed his eyes shut tight. “Just close the drawer, please.”

Sapnap chuckled, eyeing the toy at the back of the drawer. “Georgie, that’s *big*.”

George whimpered. “I know.”

“Fuck.”

Sapnap couldn’t help but picture it. George, alone in his bed, ass up and fucking himself with that toy. Moaning into the pillows, biting his hand so he’s not too loud, face red and looking cutely similar to his expression right now. The thought of it alone was enough to make him press a hand to his straining erection, groaning through his grit teeth.

The sound drew George’s eyes back to him, the umber of his irises practically swallowed by black, face red and sweaty. His chest was heaving visibly, hands curled into themselves with nails dug into his skin.

It was hot. It was *so* hot. *George* was hot, and Sapnap was harder than he swore he’d ever been.

He grabbed the lube out of the drawer, noting silently how clearly used it was.

“You use that?” Sapnap teased, shutting the drawer with intent. George only whined in response, but it clearly meant *yes*. “God, that’s hot.”

George let himself smile just a touch, the expression barely visible on his swollen lips. “Means you don’t have to stretch me much.”

Sapnap slicked up two fingers in haste, swallowing an unholy sound on his tongue. “If that’s what you want, doll.”

Tossing the well-loved bottle onto the mattress, Sapnap gently circled George’s rim with his middle finger. The brunet was already whining, spreading his thighs even further apart, hands grabbing at Sapnap’s scuffed shoulders and head thrown back against the pillow in a way that exposed his throat.

Sapnap leaned in, sinking his teeth back into the already roughed-up skin. He got to work leaving more marks, savoring the breathy whines that fell past George’s lips. And he didn’t stop his finger, pressing gently into George with the tip and drinking in the pathetic moan he let out.

The lube was cold. George knew that and Sapnap knew that. It felt exceptionally chilled against their burning hot skin, and George welcomed it. Practically sucked in Sapnap’s finger, already noticing how different they were compared to his own.

George’s fingers were long, delicate, and his skin was smooth. He had grown used to the feel of himself after... well, years of spreading himself, and Sapnap’s were so... different. His finger was thicker, longer, rougher even with the lube.

George whined, circling his hips as Sapnap slid in to the second knuckle. “More,” he begged, grabbing his thigh with one hand and pulling it up to his chest.

The hand Sapnap had on the mattress fisted the sheets, knuckles going white with the grip. And he bit down harder against George’s neck, pulling a strangled groan from the smaller man, urging him to pull his leg up farther.

Sapnap crooked his finger, fucked in and out of George with increased fervor. He twisted his hand

against his ass, feeling the excess lube leak out of him and onto the sheets.

“C’mon, I take another finger,” George pleaded breathlessly. “I want it, Sap. Please, please, I want more.”

Sapnap groaned, mouth falling open against George’s skin. He slid his flat tongue against the forming bruise he’d left, taking his hand off the bed to push up George’s other leg, brushing his prostate gently with his finger. George made another strangled sound, back arching off the bed and pressing his chest against Sapnap.

“You beg so pretty, baby,” Sapnap huffed, obliging George’s request and slipping his index finger into his hole. “You’re gonna beg even prettier on my cock.”

George whined highly into the air, mouth falling open in choked agreement. And Sapnap slid his tongue along the brunet’s jawline, shoving it relentlessly into his mouth as he kissed him again, drilling into his hole with two fingers.

George dropped his leg and instead wrapped it around Sapnap’s waist again, wrapping both arms around the raven’s neck and pulling him down against him.

Kissing George then was the best decision Sapnap had ever made. Every sound the brunet emitted was right in Sapnap’s mouth, letting him drink in the pretty sounds through his parted lips. And he finger-fucked George without mercy, twisting his fingers against the tightness of his walls and savoring the way he wrapped his leg around him tighter.

“Sap,” George moaned between kisses. “*Please.*”

“What do you want, doll?” Sapnap teased, pulling off George’s lips and reveling in the string of spit that followed his mouth.

George groaned, hands dragging nails up Sapnap’s back. Sapnap shoved his fingers into him harder, slamming right against his prostate. The brunet’s eyes flew open, mouth gaping on a sound that never came out, grinding down against Sapnap’s fingers absentmindedly.

“Want another finger?” Sapnap prodded, smirk dancing on his lips. The half-hearted nod he got in return was enough of an answer. “Yeah?”

“Please,” George practically sobbed, twisting against the mattress.

Sapnap pulled his fingers out, eliciting a whine from the smaller. George felt so *empty*, so much so that in the time it took Sapnap to grab the lube off the bed and slick three of his fingers, George had started to fuck himself on two of his own.

He hadn’t lubed them, of course, but in his fucked-out headspace he decided there was enough lube dripping from his ass to make it work. And when Sapnap’s eyes fell on George’s fingers, he was reminded just how neglected his cock was. Straining against his stupid jeans, untouched and utterly ignored.

He stifled the temptation he had to take his pants off and drive straight into George. The brunet was all rolled eyes and whimpered moans, and the two fingers squelching inside him were *not* helping his case.

Sapnap swallowed thickly. “Impatient much?” he teased, grabbing George’s wrist and yanking his fingers free.

George wanted to protest, but that want was short-lived seeing how quick Sapnap was to drive three fingers straight into him. George practically sobbed, thighs shaking around Sapnap's middle, hips grinding pathetically down into the digits.

He was a babbling mess, and Sapnap wanted more of it. He twisted his wrist and fucked into George even harder, consumed by the hot noises he kept making. He was *so* fucking hard, and George was too, his cock angry red and leaking excessively onto his pale stomach.

And George was just as much of a mess in his head. He couldn't stop himself from thinking about how *good* Sapnap was with his fingers, mentally citing a surplus of experience. As annoying and troublesome as that experience had been all semester, it was only doing George favors now.

"Please, please, *please*," George moaned, Sapnap hitting his prostate again. "Your cock, I want it. I want your fucking cock, c'mon, *fuck me*."

Sapnap moaned audibly, pulling George's hips up so he was angled upward and sat against the raven's thighs. It gave him a good enough angle to slot his still-clothed cock against his filled ass, rolling his hips against him.

"Yeah, that's what you want?" His teasing had all fallen breathless with arousal. "Want me to fuck your tight ass?"

George babbled out another string of "*please*"s before Sapnap pulled his fingers out. Despite it being a sign for what was coming, George still whined at the emptiness, hand already moving down to fuck himself again.

Sapnap pinned his wrist to the mattress. "Next thing in your ass is my cock or it's nothing, slut."

George swallowed, nodding meekly. Sapnap smiled—*smiled*, not grinned—and it was a strange look mixed with his dark, teasing eyes.

George watched with interest as Sapnap unbuttoned his jeans, sliding them down his legs along with his boxers, discarding both articles to the floor.

Oh. Oh god.

That explained how he got so many people to come home with him.

George sputtered. "Fuck, Sap." His hips lifted off the bed instinctively. "Oh my god."

The raven only smirked, picking George up by the hips again and settling him on his thighs. He grabbed the lube and slicked up both his cock and his fingers, gently fucking George as loose as he could get him while sliding a hand over his lubed cock.

"Yeah?" His eyes glinted with mirth. "You like it?"

George reached toward Sapnap with lazy hands, grabbing desperately at nothing in particular. He pawed at his stomach, grinding down against his fingers as if that would make him move faster.

Sapnap didn't move any faster. He actually moved *slower*, growing lax with the movement of his fingers, twisting them slow and gentle in the tight heat, savoring the wet sound of the lube against his skin.

Sapnap wanted words, and George was a drooling mess.

“Fuck me,” he managed to say, lips slathered in his own spit. “Want your cock, c’mon, I’ve been so good, Sap.”

Sapnap chuckled, twisting his fingers once more for good measure. “I suppose you’re right, doll.”

He pulled his fingers out, wiping the lube carelessly onto the bed sheets. Despite it being his bed, George didn’t protest, only spread his legs wider as Sapnap pressed the tip of his cock against his hole. George was still begging quietly under his breath, all words but *please* lost to saliva and fucked-out breathing.

And Sapnap was unforgivingly slow. He pressed the head in at an agonizing pace. To George, it felt like hours. In reality, it was only seconds. But George was desperate, attempting to rock his hips down against Sapnap’s cock, but a big hand pressed against his chest kept him pinned to the bed.

George tried to plead out a “*faster*” but all that came out was more drool. He moaned desperately, hole clenching down on Sapnap’s cock greedily. The raven’s grin finally faltered, a strangled groan escaping his lips as he pressed George harder into the bed.

He didn’t pick up the pace, sinking slowly into George and savoring every second of it. George couldn’t do anything but twitch, thighs shaking and hands grabbing at his own thighs, pulling them up off of Sapnap in a silent plea for him to *just get on with it already*.

Sapnap chuckled again, but the sound was strangled at best. “Needy slut.”

George keened as if it were praise, pulling his legs apart farther. That was what got Sapnap to finally indulge him, sliding in the rest of himself down to the hilt, moaning when his hips collided with George’s ass. He dug nails into the brunet’s chest, using his free hand to hoist one of George’s legs up over his shoulder. George took it, both hands collapsing against the mattress helplessly.

He looked up at Sapnap with lidded eyes and a strikingly red face, lips moving in still-silent begging. Sapnap took a deep breath and moved his hips, sliding the hand on George’s chest up to grasp his neck. George arched his back, head thrown against the mattress and his eyes caught on the wall behind him, the position only making it easier for Sapnap to tighten the hold on his throat.

He moved again. Slow, barely pulling out, but the snap of his hips into George still made the bed shudder. Sapnap leaned down carefully, squeezing the sides of George’s neck harder as he practically folded the poor boy in half, but he stuck his tongue out and licked the saliva off his shining lips.

George whined. “Faster...”

Sapnap couldn’t deny his strangled tone. He bit down on George’s bottom lip and picked up the pace, choking George harder the moment he started sliding more of his cock out.

George’s loud moans begged Sapnap to go harder, begged him to slam his cock into George without mercy. He dared to take his hand off George’s throat, any whimpers of distaste lost to the brunet’s near-sobbing.

Sapnap grabbed his hips with both hands, wrangling George down into his cock at the same time he fucked into him. He was up and kneeling again, staring down at George—twisted against the mattress, hands grabbing at his pillow, drool running down his cheek and tears spilling from his eyes.

It was hot. George was hot.

And George was totally fucked. His brain kept telling his mouth to make words, all begs for *more* and *harder* and praises over how fucking *good* Sapnap was at this. His cock was barely brushing his prostate, but George didn't have a stable enough mind to beg him to hit it. He could only mewl, enjoy the sweet fullness Sapnap provided, let himself be practically manhandled into his cock while he did nothing but cry.

George could hear the bed slamming into the wall, could hear the loose screws rattling against the wood. The sounds that had annoyed him to no end through the wall were now so *hot*, only providing his ears with further proof that Sapnap was absolutely railing him.

Sapnap leaned over again, lips pressed against the shell of George's ear. The position put strain on the leg thrown over his shoulder, but George couldn't help but like the stinging tightness in his muscles, wrapping his other leg around Sapnap's waist to push him in deeper and moving to claw at his back.

The hot groans in his ear were almost too much for George to take.

"How's this?" Sapnap teased, voice low and rumbling. "This good? You like it?"

George's next moan was in affirmation, but any hint at that was lost to his open mouth and pathetic drooling.

"Look who's screaming now," Sapnap said lowly, readjusting George's hips. "If there was anyone in my room right now, I'm sure they'd be frustrated."

George screamed louder as Sapnap pounded his prostate head-on. He swore he saw stars, eyes rolling back into his head and back arching further off the mattress. It pressed his cock against Sapnap's stomach while he kept fucking him mercilessly, hitting that same spot over and over and over again.

George could feel the skin beneath his nails and the slick blood against his fingertips. It didn't stop him from scratching, though, and Sapnap certainly wasn't protesting.

A coherent word finally fell past George's lips, a very eloquent "fuck."

Sapnap chuckled again, lifting his head up from George's ear to look at his face again.

"Yeah? Fuck?" The bed slammed against the wall harshly, shaking the whole frame enough for George to feel it. "You're even more of a slut than I thought you'd be, baby. Taking my cock so well."

George swallowed the thick spit caught on his tongue, his body completely overwhelmed with pleasure. He was close, *so close*, but somehow his body screamed for more.

"Neck," he sputtered. "Hand. Please."

Sapnap groaned. "Want me to choke you?"

"Need to come."

The raven obliged, one hand leaving George's hip so he could grab his throat harshly. He gave the brunet a bruising grip, everything but clawing at the skin on the sides of his throat. He pressed down hard with the pads of his fingers, and George's head was already getting fuzzy.

“Like this?”

George made a strangled noise in response, pulse heavy against Sapnap’s hand. His head felt tight and his face was pins and needles, eyes stuck up in his skull while Sapnap totally wrecked him. The sound of skin against skin was unmistakable, mixed with the wet sounds of lube and the now-familiar slam of wood against concrete.

“‘M Close,” George mewled, every sound he made caught halfway in his throat. “Please, Sap.”

Sapnap smirked, tightening his hand just a little bit more. “Come on my cock, baby.”

It only took one more thrust for George to do exactly that, sobbing pathetically as he came untouched. It got all over his chest and stomach, painting himself white, and Sapnap didn’t let up. He only pressed his body against George’s, letting his own skin get slick with cum.

“Yeah, fuck, baby,” he groaned in George’s ear, the sounds made by the brunet growing louder. “I’m so close, just a little more, doll, ‘m so close.”

George whined, loud and high-strung, nails digging harder into Sapnap’s torn back. He was totally soft now, just letting the raven pound into him for his own pleasure, every noise he made growing more pained by the second.

But George was alright with being used. Just laying there, limp and defenseless, letting Sapnap fuck him until he was done. Letting him grip his neck like a lifeline, as if the unforgiving hold he had on his throat would somehow ground him in reality. It was hot, and George was tired, but he couldn’t bite back a single sound as they all slipped through his slick lips with reckless abandon.

It was only a few more harsh, loveless thrusts and Sapnap was groaning in George’s ear, louder than he’d been the whole night. The sound he made took an eerily similar shape to George’s name, but he took that as a compliment. He felt Sapnap release inside him, fucking his cum into George’s ass while his pace slowed quickly. The hand he still had on George’s throat let up entirely, laying against his skin in nothing but sweat and heat.

Sapnap collapsed on top of George, softening cock still buried in his ass. The moment George caught his breath—though only just barely—he shoved at Sapnap’s arm with a displeased groan.

“Heavy,” he complained, pushing harder at the weight against him.

Sapnap laughed lightly. “Sorry.”

He rolled off of George, but kept his hands on his hips. He flipped them over so George was lying on his chest, exhaustion obvious in their breaths. Sapnap’s cock slid out of George in the process, leaving him to lie on his chest and savor the pound of his heartbeat beneath sweaty skin, dripping cum and lube down the back of his thighs.

“Sap,” George breathed. “I’m so dirty.”

Sapnap laughed again, louder this time. “We’ll clean up in a second, Georgie, hang on.”

George made another strangled sound of annoyance. “*I’m* the filthy one, you *barely* got my cum on you.”

“Shush, baby.”

The nickname forced George to oblige for a moment. He took deep breaths, inhaling Sapnap’s

scent—which was mostly sweat and sex at this point, but his cologne still lingered somewhere—and enjoying the gentle rub of the raven’s hand on his back. It was a stark difference compared to the rough way he’d fucked him, but George had kind of assumed he liked to cuddle after sex based on the fact that all his hook-ups spent the night.

Wait.

George sat up suddenly, stared down at a now surprised Sapnap with narrowed eyes.

“You won’t hook up with randoms anymore, right?”

Sapnap’s eyes widened momentarily, then he barked out a laugh. “Wanna keep me all to yourself, huh?”

George stuttered for a moment. “No. Yes. I don’t know.”

“Then how come you don’t want me hooking up anymore, huh? It’s not like we’re dating.”

George frowned. “If you stop with the obnoxious sex next door, then I can sleep at night. And in exchange, I’ll let you fuck me.”

“Oh?” Sapnap raised his eyebrows teasingly. “So you’re a charity now? Kindly letting me fuck you in exchange for quiet?”

George sat up properly on Sapnap’s lap now, crossing his arms over his still-flushed chest. “Yes.”

“It’s not ‘cause you liked it?” Sapnap proposed, grabbing George’s hips roughly. “Not ‘cause you just want me to fuck you again?”

George sighed in defeat. “Fine. Whatever. You’re actually pretty good at that.”

Sapnap smirked. “And you haven’t even felt my mouth yet.”

George hit Sapnap’s chest roughly, who only barked out a laugh in response.

The two of them were then quick to get out of bed, cleaning themselves off and getting dressed. George lit a scented candle (that according to dorm rules, he shouldn’t have) to get rid of any scent that would give it all away.

Sapnap left before Dream came back from class, but he didn’t need to be there for the blond to figure everything out. He teased George over the absurd amount of marks on his neck, pointed out the candle and brought up how George *never* lit it, and went next door to tease Sapnap just as hard. He would tease him worse at football practice, when they’d strip their shirts off in the locker room and the whole team got a view of Sapnap’s fucked up back.

Dream was the only one who knew it was *George’s* fault. Some pretty little compsci major who half the team didn’t know as anything other than “Dream’s roommate.” But that wasn’t *everyone’s* business, even if the noise they made certainly wanted it to be.

Regardless, Dream was happy for them. George wasn’t so tired all the time, and Dream didn’t have to deal with his friend trying to flirt with every vaguely attractive person they ran into. He *did* have to deal with the same noises George had complained about coming from Sapnap’s room, but Dream still had those noise-cancelling headphones.

For the record, he would have let George use them if he’d asked. He wasn’t sure if the current

situation was better than his roommate constantly stealing his headphones, but at least George was happy. Happy and getting totally dicked every night. Or day.

Just whenever they were horny. Which—unless Sapnap had gone back on his promise and George was somewhere else—was all the fucking time.

Chapter End Notes

the thing with the finding toys in the drawer is like one of my all-time favorite tropes so if you see me do that eight hundred more times after this... forgive me :]

Ten Days

Chapter Summary

Dream breaks his headphones, and it all becomes hell. Or maybe heaven.

Chapter Notes

I wasn't going to write a part two but people asked and then someone gave me a very fun idea and before I knew it this existed

I actually wanted to post a totally different smutshot before I posted this but the moment I started writing my hands were flying and oh my god this is SO long it's the longest smutfic I've ever written and it's not even close
please enjoy it there's some setup but majority smut :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream broke his headphones.

It had been three weeks since George and Sapnap had started hooking up. Three weeks since George was rid of the terrible noise and Dream was left to deal with it. Three weeks since Dream had started wearing those noise-cancelling headphones more often than he wasn't, constantly finding his dorm room empty and the noises from the adjacent chamber building steady.

And Dream broke his headphones.

He knew exactly how it had happened, too. And it was completely idiotic.

Dream had been in a rush that morning. He woke up to an empty room, which had more or less become the norm in the past three weeks. He knew George was just next door, but even if it had been logical to worry, Dream didn't have enough time to. If he spent any more than five minutes getting ready, he would be late for class. And either way, he'd have to run.

He had fallen asleep in his headphones the previous night—courtesy of his very considerate friends and neighbors—which is why he had failed to hear his alarm until those stupid things died on his head three minutes before his wake. So he tore them off and let them fall onto the mattress, sprinting halfway across campus to make it to class on time.

He made it, thankfully.

But upon his arrival back to his dorm—empty because George was in class—he had forgotten the placement of his belongings. So when he threw his too-heavy backpack onto the bed—one stuffed with a too-expensive laptop and one too many books—Dream heard that sickening *crunch*.

And his headphones were gone.

He had to get rid of them, far beyond anything even remotely usable. And he was quick to order a

new pair—the same exact ones because they worked so well—knowing damn well he'd need them. So he placed the order and stared in disbelief at the date in his confirmation email.

It was going to take ten days for his headphones to ship. *Ten days*. He knew that the university sucked with mail and it always took longer than to receive packages than if he were at home, but *ten fucking days*?

It wouldn't have been a big deal were it anything else, but Dream absolutely could not live without noise-cancelling headphones right now. He had earbuds, the shitty ones that came with his phone when he bought it, but he didn't have much faith in them. He'd brought them to school as a backup for a situation exactly like this one, only he didn't account for annoying roommates and best friends who liked to rail each other all hours of the day.

This was going to be a long ten days.

~

Day One

It had only been a few hours since Dream had broken his headphones and placed the new order, but he was already fearing the worst.

When George came back from class, he collapsed onto his bed. Dream briefly considered telling his roommate of the predicament, asking kindly for him and Sapnap to at least *try* being quieter until Dream could successfully not hear them again. Or even just ask they only fool around during the day, when Dream could safely leave the comfort of his bed and go anywhere fucking else.

But Dream was too nice, and he didn't want to kill George's fun. Or Sapnap's fun. Or anyone's, really. And he knew that it may be a tad too kind, but he also knew that neither of them would listen and nothing would change. He actually didn't have a benchmark for how loud they were usually (thanks to his headphones) but if George's shitty sleep schedule from the before times was any indicator, it was probably hell.

Dream was right, it was hell.

When he came back from hanging out with Sapnap and some of their other friends that evening, they bid each other 'good night' outside their doors. He found George working diligently on a coding project at his desk, but the moment he noticed Dream had come in, he put his laptop away.

The roommates shared a casual conversation, it was commonplace. They talked about how their day had been since they saw each other earlier. Dream talked about football while he changed into loungewear, George complained about how awful his project was. Dream totally didn't get distracted by all the purple marks on his roommate's neck, standing out against his pale skin.

Then George went next door.

Now was usually when Dream would grab his headphones, put on his coveted "loud enough to block anything but not loud enough to cause hearing loss" playlist and go about his business. It had become such a routine that Dream even opened the playlist on his phone, feeling his hand reach for his headphones where he usually left them by his bed, only to come up empty-handed.

Right.

Maybe he could fall asleep before it got to be too much. He had always assumed they didn't shy away from foreplay, and it would probably be a little bit before they got loud, right?

So Dream shut off all the lights and got in bed, even putting in his backup earbuds for good measure. They were uncomfortable and the sound quality was shit, but he didn't have anything better.

Yeah, George had headphones. They weren't noise-cancelling, but he had them. The biggest roadblock was that Dream felt rude taking something that wasn't his. And George had been so nice about leaving Dream's untouched—it only felt right to return the favor.

So he tried to fall asleep. Tried to focus on the sound of his music through the earbuds and loll himself to slumber. He was definitely a little too awake for this, but he felt like he was on a timer.

It was 11:27 pm when George left. 11:36 when Dream got in bed. 11:45 when he could hear them.

Somehow, it managed to be *worse* than he had expected. He was even farther from the wall than George had been—he was halfway across the room for crying out loud. Dream had known George was what made them so loud, because he never needed headphones until the brunet was involved. He could co-exist with George before while he was suffering on his bed and Dream was just fine, even during those oh-so-terrible afternoon hookups.

It took about three seconds for him to grab his headphones the first time he heard George scream next door, and fuck did he wish he had that option now.

George was *loud*. Dream hadn't known someone could be that loud during sex, not until now. Laying in bed, eyes wide open, stuck staring at the wall that was too dark and far away to see properly.

Why hadn't anyone else on their god damn floor complained about this?

Maybe they had. Sapnap was a pretty big asshole, he probably refused to listen. Or maybe no one had it in them, knowing exactly who it was that was causing all the ruckus. Either way, Dream felt ridiculous and alone and he was *suffering*.

When Dream started college, he did not see a reality in which he laid in his bed being forced to listen to his own roommate scream his best friend's name through the wall. And it wasn't long before the syllables fell out from under themselves, becoming nothing but screamed out babbles of incoherence, muffled through the concrete wall.

And the bed. *The bed*. Dream vaguely remembered when George had complained about loose screws and creaky bed frames, but he had barely believed him. Sure, he'd heard the faintest hint of the slamming in question more than a few times—this was a college campus, after all.

But it was so fucking loud. What the hell was Sapnap doing to the poor boy to make the bed hit the wall so hard?

Actually, Dream doesn't want to know.

Day Two

Dream didn't remember falling asleep the previous night. And he felt like fucking hell.

His earbuds were on the ground, discarded somewhere between a "*please*" and a "*harder*" in a voice that had been too familiar and too British. Dream may as well be dead on the floor.

George wasn't in his bed, because he was in Sapnap's. And Dream had to drag himself out of *his* bed, knowing damn well he was probably going to be late to class, but he didn't have it in him to

care this time.

And his mind was plagued all day.

Had George been haunted so deftly before? Is that part of what drove him so insane? Because it had only been a day, and Dream was already learning that listening to *that* was going to fuck up more than just his sleep schedule.

His tired eyes had trouble focusing all day, and his head was quite literally full of those lewd noises. It was all George, *all George*, because Sapnap wasn't loud enough to reach Dream's ears.

He dragged himself through every class with those whiny screams playing on repeat. It was like an *alarm* or something, terribly obnoxious and demanding his attention. But Dream couldn't turn it off, forced to do nothing but sit there and take it.

It was incredibly unfortunate how hot it all made his body feel. He was sweating enough to shuck off his hoodie, carry it around over his shoulder until he got back to his dorm in the early afternoon. It was empty, George in class, and Dream was quick to sink into his mattress and close his eyes.

He slept for the hour between his classes, thankful for some peace and quiet. The sun outside the window was no bother, though he had expected it to be. And though that hour of sleep didn't do *much* to help, Dream knew he would've been worse without it.

Dream didn't dare say anything to either boy when he saw them that day. And at 5:30 pm when he heard the footsteps in the hall and Sapnap's door open, he watched with tired eyes as George flew off his bed and left. Dream waited four minutes before he went to find something else to do.

When he came back at quarter to midnight, George was asleep in their room.

Thank fucking god.

Day Three

The third day went by without a hitch. Dream got a proper amount of rest that night, and he didn't wake up to an empty room. Both him and George carried on with their lives as normal, and Dream was able to momentarily forget that anything had ever happened.

Until that night.

Dream laid in bed, staring at the ceiling. He didn't even bother with the earbuds this time. He had stepped on them yesterday and only one of them worked now, and they weren't ever effective enough to even be a little bit worth it.

So he suffered. Laid there and took it. Let his ears and mind and *body* fill with all of those noises, the pleased screams and the loud whines, the slamming of the bed against the stupid wall, all of it. For the first five minutes, he was shoving his face into the mattress with a pillow over his head.

It didn't help.

For the next five minutes, Dream tried to close his eyes and think about *anything* else. The football game coming up, how much he missed his sister, math homework, the book he finished reading last week, god, can't he think of anything except this?

No, he couldn't.

The sheets were too hot and too stifling. And when Dream kicked them off, hearing the fabric slump to the carpeted floor, he found that was *still* too hot. So he stripped his shirt off and tried that, laying on his stomach and screwing his eyes shut.

George was screaming. God, that boy could scream. Dream knew that even before all this, because George screamed all the time when he was frustrated. It was funny, almost endearing. Dream had always been amused by it.

But holy fuck was he screaming now. Higher pitched than normal, strangled, sounding half-stuck in his chest. Dream wasn't sure how much of it was the wall between them or just, well, *George*, but he was almost upset at how audible it was.

Sapnap still wasn't loud enough for Dream to hear. And that was a good thing. He'd known Sapnap for years, it would be weird if he knew what he sounded like during sex. It was weird to know what George sounded like, but he'd only known him for a few months at this point, so that made it less weird. Barely.

What did Dream know about George?

In a strange way, Dream thought that might be the distraction he needed. So he twisted his head to face the wall he didn't share with Sapnap, and he considered it. He made the list in his head of everything he knew about George.

British. Screams a lot. Computer science major. Freckles. Cute. *What?* Sounds really hot in bed. *Wait.* Pretty with bruises on his neck. Totally the bottom in that relationship. Would totally be the bottom in any relationship. Even one with Dream.

It took three more seconds for Dream to process the fact that his dick was hard.

He rolled over in panic, sitting up quickly. When he looked down at his crotch, he couldn't see anything—it was way too dark in the room. That was probably better, as he didn't think he *wanted* to see how hard his dick was in his pants.

Not that he couldn't feel it, but that was different. Different and unavoidable.

All he could think about now was how hard he was. Actually, he was still thinking about George. The brunet in question made sure of it, with all the screaming that he didn't know Dream could hear. And Dream's brain sure as hell made sure of it, filling his mind with very vivid images of what he thought George might look like right now.

His face was probably red. And his lips were wet, and his eyes all glossed and pretty...

No. *No.* Dream wasn't going to entertain this idea. It was weird. George didn't think about Dream that way, and the blond knew as such. George and Sapnap were only hooking up, yeah, but they were still exclusive.

Even without exclusivity, it was still weird. George was Dream's roommate, and there was absolutely no way he'd be jacking off to thoughts of him. Or jacking off to all those *sounds*, which were still annoying but in a terribly hot way.

Dream still had trouble falling asleep. But it wasn't the same kind of torture as it was two nights ago.

Day Four

When Dream looked in the mirror that morning, he found his dark circles to look quite revolting.

When George saw Dream after class later, he made a very similar observation. Dream made an excuse about having a lot of homework, and George seemed to buy it. As far as George knew, Dream still had noise-cancelling headphones. As far as George knew, he and Sapnap could be as loud as they damn well pleased.

As far as George knew, Dream hadn't heard them.

But oh, had he heard. He heard and he *remembered*. Whatever the fuck those two got up to had to be so good, so good and so *hot*. He loathed the way he wanted it, and he tried so hard to drown that thought.

He kept thinking about how attractive George was. In ways he'd never seen him before, sickly similar to all those thoughts from last night. Conjured images of a red face—flustered, embarrassed, or just fucked out—daydreams of swollen lips—the way they'd look wrapped around his cock, or his fingers, or dropped open on a cry—thoughts of his slim body—wracked with sobs, back arched, twisted against the bed. And his neck, which was already pretty and strawberry-purple, but Dream wanted to darken the pale skin himself.

It was so fucked. This was so fucked, but he could not stop thinking about it. And he was crushing his lap with textbooks in the middle of class, forcing his brain to think of anything but *that* in an attempt to will his erection away.

He had a very surprising success rate, but he was still nothing more than a pathetic wad of shame.

And that night, George left the room close to midnight. Dream mentally kicked himself for not letting himself fall asleep sooner, but the lingering thought of *it's Friday!* had managed to keep him up and about.

He didn't get in bed straight away this time. He stayed at his desk and worked on something that wasn't due for weeks, but he'd do anything for a distraction.

It proved to be completely useless the moment those two started getting loud. *Two*. Dream realized that he wanted to know what Sapnap sounded like.

Arguably, that was more fucked up than the same thought about George. Sapnap was his *best friend*, far more than someone he'd known for a few months and met as a college roommate. He'd known Sap since middle school, when they both started playing football at their respective schools.

He remembered seeing the raven on the field for the first time. Remembered watching him grow through high school, all caught in fleeting glances during games or playful fights in the parking lot. (Only ever light pushing and teasing, it was all for show). He had liked being rivals with Sapnap, but he liked being his teammate, too.

Thinking about Sapnap made his thoughts run naughty.

He could still hear George. Loud and clear, he could hear him. But it was his mind attempting to guess how Sapnap was right now, how hot and sweaty and red he was, how low and growling his groans were.

Dream had been tackled by Sapnap before. Senior year was the last time he remembered it happening, when the raven had gone barreling into him and sent him flying to the ground. He remembered how much it hurt even with all their football padding, remembered the weight of Sapnap on top of him, remembered—

Dream was sitting on George's bed before he could even process leaving his desk. He pressed his ear against the shared wall and he *listened*. He had made it fucking intentional, but he was way too hard to care by that point. He just wanted to quell that curiosity, to actually know what Sapnap sounded like right now.

And through the slam of the bed and George's screaming, Dream could hear him. It was low like he had assumed, far quieter than George's cries, all the sounds intermixed with huffed-out words that Dream couldn't quite understand. He heard the form of George's name, he heard the outline of swears and vulgar words, but nothing substantial enough to comprehend a complete sentence.

Dream was palming himself before he could think twice about it. And the moment his hand made contact with his clothed cock, he realized it felt too good to stop. He gripped himself harder and leaned in closer to the wall, pressed his entire body against it and listened in as closely as he could.

It was too hot for his shirt to be on, so he took it off. Pulled his sweats and boxers down to his thighs and stroked himself, bit his lip to stifle his moans to make sure the only noises he heard were George and Sapnap's.

It was too good for what it was. And Dream's mind was running with it, imagining hands that weren't his and faces he couldn't see.

He came in his hand before either of the other boys came on each other. And in his newfound clarity, he gave his slicked palm a disgusted look, wiping it "clean" on the shirt discarded next to him.

He collapsed in the bed and fell asleep within minutes, all shame and disgust put off until morning. He was unfortunately comforted by George's scent in the sheets.

Day Five

It was Saturday.

Dream had plans with Sapnap and some other friends, but he would be the first to admit how scared he was to meet the raven's eye.

He was halfway through hell—a hell that he had made much worse for himself when he jerked off listening to his friends fuck each other. And it was shame when he dragged himself up out of George's bed that morning, shame when he looked at the stained shirt he'd slept next to, shame when he hid it in the back of his closet.

It all made him feel gross and icky inside, like he had done something terribly wrong. And it *was* wrong, he knew that, it was weird and strange and arguably creepy. But they were so *loud*, it was inevitable that someone would hear them. The jerking off part was far less inevitable, but Dream really needed a scapegoat right now.

He conjured every one of the worst scenarios in his head. Visions of how his friends would react if they found out distracted him from having fun, too busy letting it play out all day. It ran through his head infinitely.

In five days, he gets a new pair of headphones. In five days, he can forget any of this ever happened.

That's a long fucking five days. He'd barely made it through the first five, how did he expect to make it through the rest? And how did he expect to forget any of this even after the fact? He was doomed to think about this for years, he knew it even now.

Perhaps he had been a tad too distant all day. Because when he was walking back into his dorm building with Sapnap at his side, he could feel the raven's accusatory gaze on him. Dream was scarcely speaking, too tired and ashamed and lost in his head. He didn't want Sapnap to speak, either, for every time he had opened his mouth all day Dream was reminded of the groans he'd heard through the wall last night. Matching in tone, exceptionally hot.

Dream still bid Sap "good night" at their dorms though, expecting his friend to do the same. But he didn't. He only stood on the wrong side of Dream's door with his arms crossed, eyes narrowed at the blond accusingly.

Dream paused with a hand on his doorknob. "What's your problem?"

"You've been acting weird, Dream."

Fuck. "And?"

"What's wrong?"

The words implied concern and care, but Sapnap's voice had always failed to reflect those emotions. He sounded nothing short of frustrated, less than amused, and fed up with Dream's bullshit.

Dream shrugged. "Nothing. Just tired."

"No," Sapnap accused quickly. "You're not *just* tired. Something's up."

"Don't worry about it." Dream laughed and shook his head, unlocking and opening his door.

The blond started to enter—catching George's eye from where he sat on his bed—but Sapnap forced his way in front of Dream. All his shoving ended with both of them standing in the room, door shut harshly behind them, Sapnap staring at Dream with his arms crossed and eyes searching. George sat up slightly on the bed behind him, pulling his headphones off one ear.

"What the hell is your problem, man?" Dream reiterated, his words harsher than before.

Dream wasn't sure why he was so frustrated. Maybe it was because Sapnap was being uncharacteristically pushy, maybe it was because he was scared he'd find out about last night, maybe he was *actually* frustrated with his friend for being loud in bed every day without a care for anyone who heard it.

It almost didn't matter, because his fury set Sapnap off.

The raven shoved Dream with two hands, sending the blond stumbling backwards and into the door. It was harsh, and it sent jolts of pain through Dream's body, his footing unstable seeing how he wasn't quite expecting to get shoved so suddenly.

"You're being *weird*," Sapnap repeated, crossing his arms again. "Just tell me what's wrong!"

Dream scowled. "Why do you even care so much?"

"Hey," George said from behind them, now off his bed and lacking the headphones all together. "Why are you guys fighting?"

"Dream's been acting weird all day and he won't tell me shit!"

George raised an eyebrow, looking between the two men before him with a displeased eye. "So

you're *fighting*?"

Dream and Sapnap stared at each other for a moment. Then Dream responded, quick and simple but still on fire, "Yes."

"Dream," George said, calm in comparison to the other two. "Sap's right, you've been acting weird for a few days now."

Dream could be mad at Sapnap, but he could never be mad at George. It was *George*. The Brit's presence demanded honesty, practically squeezed it out of him. So Dream was all calm nerves and drained of anger, slumped pathetically against the door when he admitted it.

"I broke my headphones the other day."

Sapnap barked out a laugh, harsh and accusing. "Wow, Dream, didn't know you'd get all depressed over a pair of headphones." He rolled his eyes. "Just buy a new pair, dumbass."

"I did!" Dream argued. "They won't be in for like... five more days. But whatever, I'm not *depressed* and it's not about the headphones."

When Dream looked at George, he could tell that he knew. He could tell that Sap knew, too. They both knew exactly what had gotten Dream all worked up, though their reactions were jarring in their difference.

George was red. Flushed with embarrassment almost in spite of the bruises on his neck, eyes averted to the ground and appearing apologetic for putting Dream through that. Like he knew what it was like to try and sleep through all the noise. Because he did.

Sapnap only looked proud. Cocky and proud. He was smirking obnoxiously, crossed arms now exuding less anger and more self-obsessed prick. Dream wanted to punch him, but his face was too pretty.

Fuck, Sapnap was hot, wasn't he?

"Yeah. Whatever." Dream rolled his eyes again, though the action held no weight. "I'm acting weird because I know what you two idiots sound like when you fuck, are you happy?"

George got redder. Sapnap laughed again, cocky in the essence of it all. And he paced forward, slow and deliberate with his movements, planting a hand next to Dream's head on the door and leaning in real close to his face.

His grin was sly, uninviting, but his lips were wet and full of promise. Dream swallowed the urge to kiss that stupid grin off his face, rolling his lips into his mouth and biting down in an attempt to hide himself. As if somehow, his lips told more than his pink cheeks did.

"Aw, did we get Dreamie all worked up?"

What... the fuck?

Dream scoffed. It was forced. "No."

"I think we did." Sapnap tilted his head to the side, free hand beckoning George to come closer. He did, standing next to Dream with not even half the confidence Sapnap let off. "What was it, Dreamie? Tell us, what got you bothered?"

Fine. If Sapnap was going to play this game, then Dream was going to play back. This was halfway to Flirt City anyways, and Dream would be lying if he said he didn't want that. He wasn't sure if he wanted to fuck Sapnap silent or let Sapnap fuck him stupid—one thing he did know for sure was that he wanted to make George cry.

So he played. "I bet I could make George scream louder than you can."

George whined—and though Dream had heard a version of that noise through the wall, it was way hotter with the brunet at his side and practically in his ear. It'd be hotter if it *was* in his ear. It was hotter knowing that Dream's words were the cause of that sound instead of Sapnap.

And Sapnap growled. Fucking *growled*, low and vibrating in his chest. It made Dream shiver, but he would never admit that.

"Oh, yeah?" Sapnap accused. "I bet I could make you scream. You and George both."

"We'll fucking see about that, pretty boy."

Sapnap didn't like that nickname, but there was no time to say so when Dream had smashed their lips together. The blond felt a twinge of anxiety in the back of his mind, something in him daring to scream that he had read the room wrong and Sapnap was going to shove him off and they'd never speak again.

It took three seconds to kill that paranoia, because Sapnap was kissing back.

Harsh. That was the best way to describe it. Sapnap kissed like a madman, led by his teeth and the snag of his sharp tongue. Dream swore he could taste the fire in his mouth, all slick with spit against his lips. The blond licked at the underside of Sapnap's teeth, and his head was filled with thoughts of *mine* and a reminder that this was *claiming him*.

He did nothing to silence those thoughts. He only grabbed Sapnap by the collar of his shirt, forced him to spin and switch positions so he slammed the raven's back against the door with a resounding *thud*, one that would've been heard next door if there was anyone there right now.

Sapnap clawed at Dream's chest through his hoodie. Dream couldn't feel any of the nail-first grabbing, only the warmth of Sapnap's palms as he kept his lips moving on his. The raven was biting at Dream's mouth—he even bit his tongue, which Dream hadn't had anyone do to him before, but he wasn't going to deny the noise he made on his friend's lips or the way he shoved their hips together.

When they broke off, they could both see the evidence of it on the other's face. Lips swollen, bitten, and slick with spit. A tantalizing string of saliva connected their mouths for a moment longer, only to break and fall against Sapnap's chin.

Dream slid his hands down to Sap's shoulders and turned slowly to the side, locking eyes with George—who was still standing next to the two of them, full lips parted and eyes blown out like crazy. He dared to let his eyes flick down, catching the very obvious outline in George's sweats, letting the smirk cross his lips with a sly cockiness that could rival Sapnap's if he tried.

"Already?" he teased, watching the bob of George's Adam's apple when he swallowed. "We haven't even touched you yet."

The *yet* was filled with promise. Promise of their hands, their mouths, every inch of their bodies on George—and the brunet was already sure that he wanted that. He wanted it so bad.

George was intimidated by both dark stares, burning holes into his body where he stood too-hard and shaking. He stuttered over words he couldn't find. He never found them, distracted by the twitch of Dream's fingers extended out to him, urging him to come closer.

And come closer he did. That proved to be the right choice, Dream catching his mouth in a kiss that felt so hot. It was awkward at first—Dream's body twisted and his hips against Sapnap—but they corrected themselves at once.

Dream turned, grabbed George's hips and shoved their bodies against each other, stumbling where they stood without anything to lean on. And he bit his lips and swiped his tongue, let the room and his ears fill with the wet sounds of lips together, George's hands already up his shirt and dragging fingertips over bare skin.

George had been growing his nails out because Sapnap liked them so much. Dream didn't know them to be any shorter, but he did know that the light drag of George's nails on his bare skin made him shiver, and he was already thinking about the brunet making the same action but harder on his back.

Dream had seen those long pink scratches on Sapnap's back for three weeks. Seen the remnants of a mark that bled, seen crescent-shapes carved into his shoulders, seen the way George managed to mark the raven as if in retaliation for the purple of his neck.

Dream wanted that, too.

So he wrapped arms around George's torso, forced the smaller up onto his tiptoes so he could have at his neck. The pale skin of his throat was already twisted into orchid, and Dream made it his mission to blot that pretty purple with sick garnet.

George was pretty with his neck all messed up. Both Dream and Sapnap knew that—even if it had taken longer for Dream to realize it. But the smaller was more than willing to take the harsh treatment, the teeth and lips and hands on his neck. The way he threw his head back and made his grip harsh on Dream's pecs only dared the blond to bite harder, sucking red into white so he pulled back with the view of a spit-slick bruise.

“So pretty,” he whispered, his hot breath on George's neck enough to make him whine.

It was a beautiful noise. Soft, caught in his throat, meant for Dream. It was better when it was meant for Dream.

George slid his arms around Dream's torso, running flat palms down his back. He urged Dream's mouth back to his throat with a gentle push, making the blond stumble a bit as his lips pressed back onto hot skin. He didn't keep his teeth behind his lips, immediately baring them against George's pretty throat.

Sapnap—who had been stood watching this all unfold with his back against the door and a hand on his cock—finally moved to stand on the other side of George. Placed two large hands high on George's middle—above Dream's where they rested on his hips—and clenched handfuls of the brunet's shirt under his grip.

He let his lips ghost over the back of George's neck. Savored the whine that fell past his pink lips, let him drop his head against Sapnap's shoulder so the raven had to crane his own neck to hit the side of George's throat.

Maybe this was heaven. All three of them would be inclined to agree as such. George kept making

those soft, pretty noises, all shuddered breaths and helpless whimpers. And Dream was reveling in the opportunity to mark George's neck, Sapnap content to drag his mouth across the brunet's skin with barely enough pressure for him to feel the heat.

"Please..." George whined in breath, though not even he knew what he was begging for.

Both Dream and Sapnap smirked against his skin, pressing closer to George from their respective sides. It made George feel utterly helpless, his tiny frame pinned easily between two athletes, the feel of their bodies against his hot and stifling—but in a good way.

Dream's hardening cock dragged against George's, pulling a noise from both men. Sapnap, clever and observant as he is, picked up on it, shifting his own hips to press his cock right against George's ass. The brunet arched his back, neck falling more exposed as his head reeled over Sapnap's shoulder.

When Dream pulled his lips off George's neck, he locked eyes with Sapnap where he stood. Both of them tightened their grip on George's body, rolled their hips in near-perfect tandem, savoring the choked-out sound the brunet made. His nails finally turned on Dream's back, digging lightly into his skin as his shuddering body shifted them, surely leaving the faintest marks.

Sapnap was the one who leaned forward, pressed his cock harder into George when he made the reach for Dream's mouth. And Dream took it, met Sapnap's lips with George still pressed between them, took the unforgiving snag of the raven's teeth once again.

And neither of them let up on the movement of their bodies. George could scarcely see their faces, but he could hear the slick, suctioned noises of their mouths on each other and it made him whimper. He wasn't sure if he was more desperate to see it or be a part of it, but he *did* know that the sensation of two hard cocks on him was more than he had ever dreamed of.

He dug nails harder into Dream's back, teetered dangerously on his toes and whined out a new chorus of "*please*." There hadn't been nearly enough talking from Dream and Sapnap for George's liking, especially seeing how damn hot both their voices were.

"Bed, please," George said in breath. "Can't stand."

That was true, though not much effort was required from his own legs when he was pinned between the other two. But even with that, the hot sticky noises in his ear ceased, and he felt four hands shift from their positions to pick him up.

Dream shot Sapnap a glare, a silent assertion that *he was going to be the one who picked George up*. Sapnap only smirked, confident in his knowledge that the two of them had already done it a hundred times before, letting Dream haul George up by his ass and throw him onto his bed.

There it was, that noise again. The shake of the bed frame under the weight of George's body, the creak of the loose screws, the slam of the wood against concrete. (The final sound could be quelled by pulling George's bed farther from the wall, but no one wanted that).

The sickening creak only grew louder under the weight of the other two men, both significantly larger and heavier than George. That was, like, half of what made this so hot to him. The strength they had that felt so foreign to George and his thin arms. The way he knew Sapnap could twist and form and manhandle his body around to do as he pleased, the way he could tell just from looking that Dream was stronger.

Speaking of which, "Take your shirts off."

The phrasing implied assertion, but George's tone was nothing short of whiny. Dream and Sapnap shared a glance—smirking—and both stripped themselves of their tops, throwing them haphazardly onto the floor.

George was unapologetic in the way he stared at them. Dream committed the look on his face to memory—the red cheeks, wide eyes, dilated pupils, open mouth. He moved quickly to get George's shirt off and on the floor, relishing in the view of his bare chest.

There had been even more spots of purple hidden beneath the fabric. Dream made a note of all of them, particularly the ones at his hip that lay dangerously close to the waistband on his pants.

“Why aren't you *touching me*,” George complained, body feeling utterly neglected—especially for being in bed with *two* other people.

Sapnap chuckled. “Needy brat.”

Dream may have hit him if it weren't for the immediate pathetic whine that rolled off George's lips, the blush on his face daring to tint darker. *Oh*. So he liked that.

Good to know.

And Sapnap had decided to listen to George. Put his lips back on his neck, biting marks into his shoulders, letting Dream do the same to the other side. Both men were knelt on George's bed, barely enough room to fit them there. Sapnap's knee threatened to slide off the side of the mattress, but that was something he could deal with if it meant he got to totally wreck the man beneath him.

And Dream—who was pressed into the (previously offending) wall, not faced with the threat of falling on the floor—did not keep his hands to himself. He let them drag all over George's body where his mouth wasn't, flicking his tongue against George's collarbone while his hands slid across his torso. His skin was hot against Dream's palms, and it only got hotter the farther down his stomach he traveled.

George was already a mess. Whining pathetically at the ceiling, one hand tangled in Dream's hair and the other in Sapnap's. He dared to shove their faces harder against his skin, basking in the hot feel of their lips on him, spit lewdly smeared across all the parts of him they'd touched.

“Want...” George babbled, near incoherent. “More. Please. Want more.”

Sapnap spoke with something low and dominant, every word breathed delicately against George's ear. “What do you want, baby?”

Dream let his hand fall against George's cock, moving so his lips pressed against George's other ear. “Want me to touch you here?” The high whine he let out was in confirmation, but Dream wasn't going to have that. “Words, Georgie.”

George knew Dream's voice went low, but god it was *so low*. And it was hotter as breath on his ear, hotter when it drawled in this situation, hotter when Dream was leaning over his body and palming at his cock.

“Please...”

Dream squeezed George's cock, basking in the wanton sound that fell past his lips. George kicked against the sheets, hands falling against the mattress to lay useless by his head. Sapnap took one of his wrists and kissed gently at George's hand, chuckling softly against his skin.

“So pretty, doll,” he whispered on his fingers. “So pretty and desperate for us.”

George keened at the praise, bucking up into Dream’s palm. His head was already swimming, overwhelmed with need and the feel of two bodies hovering above his. Dream was stroking his cock with a large hand—god, his hands were so *big*—and Sapnap was still playing games with George’s fingers.

He had sat up halfway, letting one leg hang over the edge of the mattress, spreading George’s fingers in his grip. George didn’t quite understand the point, but he wasn’t complaining when it was Sapnap’s tongue flicking between all his fingers, his lips kissing gently at the pads of them.

It was Dream’s hand sliding up George’s middle, dipping back down under his sweats and boxers to grab his cock properly. It was Sapnap taking three of George’s fingers into his mouth, letting the smaller press down on his tongue and savoring the weight of it. It was George’s muddled brain somehow tricking him into thinking it was all hitting the same place, twisting his stomach with hot *need*, tinted tangerine and strawberry with overwhelming heat.

“Dream... Dream, please,” George whimpered out the name like a plea, hazy eyes not catching the way Dream’s pupils dilated at the sound of it. “Your hands...”

George grabbed at the hand that wasn’t on his cock, spreading his fingers like Sapnap did to him. Dream gave him an incredulous look, slowing the jerk of his wrist to wipe a thumb over the head of George’s cock, smearing precum across it. George whined, squeezing Dream’s hand hard, twisting and curling the fingers into themselves.

“What about my hands, baby?”

George choked on the spit in his throat, choked on the words he couldn’t find. His other hand attempted to clench, but all that did was drive nails into Sapnap’s gums hard enough to make the raven spit his fingers out. The slick hand fell back on the bed, Sapnap’s eyes falling to the way George gripped onto Dream’s fingers.

“He likes your hands,” Sapnap answered, grabbing at the hand as well. “I bet he wants you to finger him.”

Dream sputtered. God, that boy really didn’t have a filter, did he? But the way George keened was clearly in agreement, gripping Dream’s fingers harder while he thrust into his hand.

“Lube,” Dream whispered, and Sapnap moved to grab it.

George let go of Dream’s hand, attempting to help the blond as he stripped George out of his pants. He wasn’t much help, having already dwindled down to nothing short of a pathetic mess on the mattress. Dream and Sapnap certainly weren’t complaining, reveling in the complete pillow princess that George had become.

He was boneless, desperate, and pliant in their grasp. Like a fuck toy that screamed.

Sapnap handed Dream a well-loved bottle of lube. Dream was still savoring the look of a naked George, pale skin stained dark, clearly at the mercy of Sapnap’s mouth. His thighs were stroked with color, making the pink head of his cock less of a standout against his stomach. And god, he was *dripping*. Dream had felt it on his hand before, but it was way hotter to see it slide out and drip onto his stomach, cock twitching with need.

“Dream...”

Right. Fingers.

Dream slicked up three fingers and dropped the lube by George's head, prodding gently at his hole with the pad of his index finger. George was already whining, and he was already clenching against the smallest touch, every part of his body desperate for it.

Sapnap had put his mouth to work on the half-painted canvas that was George's body, only making the brunet tremble more where he lay. And Dream was gentle—almost too gentle—in the way he pressed the tip of his finger into George, careful and slow in his ministrations. George whined in protest, grinding his hips down against Dream until the finger filled him completely.

Dream's hands were so big. Sapnap's were, too, bigger than George and his slender fingers, but god—Dream was taller and larger than the raven, and it didn't fail to show in his hands. George circled his hips against the digit, dropping his lips open on a plea for another finger, and Dream obliged immediately.

It was very difficult to say no to George when he was like this.

And as Dream scissored his fingers inside of George, crooked them and searched for his prostate while he stretched him, Sapnap slid a hand up George's front until it hit his neck. George gasped audibly at the feel of it, but he gladly welcomed the weight on his throat, welcomed it even more when he started to squeeze.

The sound he made when Sapnap gripped his throat harder and Dream drove his fingers hard against his prostate was downright pornographic.

“You like being like this?” Sapnap huffed against George's ear, choking him harder. “All desperate under our hands, yeah? Like you were made for this.”

George groaned, grinding down against Dream's fingers. The stretch he could feel against them urged the blond to slide in the third, nearly struck by how quick George had stretched wide enough for it. But if he and Sapnap fucked every day, then... well... it made sense.

And fuck did George appreciate that third finger. He was sputtering, grabbing at the back of his thigh with one hand and Sapnap's wrist with the other, pulling his leg up to let Dream have at him while giving the raven pleading eyes and batted eyelashes.

Dream grunted, replacing George's hand on his thigh with his own, forcing his leg to stretch up farther until his knee hit the mattress and George made a noise strangled by more than just Sapnap's hand. And Sapnap basked in the first tear the brunet shed, watching with interest as the drop slid down his cheek, leaning down to lick it away before it hit the pillow.

“Please... I want—” A harsh thrust from Dream's fingers cut him off with a cry, beckoning Sapnap to bite hard into his jaw. “Cock—I want cock, please.”

Dream chuckled. “Pretty little slut, begging so nicely.” He kissed George's shoulders gently, jarring in comparison to the harsh pace he'd set with his fingers. “How about you let Sapnap fuck you first, yeah? Then I can show you how much better I am.”

The cocky edge to his tone sent George reeling, back arched off the mattress and hips grinding harder against Dream's fingers. When they were inevitably pulled away, he was left whining at the loss, feeling empty and dripping lube onto his sheets.

Sapnap hadn't taken Dream's words lightly, biting down on George's ear. The hand on his throat slid away, pressing down on his chest with a crushing weight that made George gasp.

“Fuck you, Dream,” Sapnap growled, sitting up on his knees.

Dream scoffed. “No way.”

George was flipped to his stomach harshly, practically thrown the entire 180 degrees, face hitting the pillow rough. But he knew what this meant, and he wasted no time arching his back and sticking his ass up, the position lewd and utterly exposing. Dream groaned, slapping George’s ass with an open hand, reveling in the sound that filled the room. George whined into the pillow.

Dream slid off the bed and let Sapnap take his place. The raven grabbed the lube off the bed and prodded at George’s hole with his middle finger, shuddering at the way his ass gripped his finger with desperate need.

And Dream grabbed George’s hair with an unforgiving grip, pulling his head up off the pillow so he could slide in front of him, kneeling on the bed with his back against the headboard. He slid his fingers down to grip George’s chin, forcing their eyes to meet so he could savor the fucked-out look on his roommate’s face.

It didn’t take long for George to notice the new lack of pants on Dream, his free hand stroking his cock lazily. *Fuck*. Dream could see that he was staring right at it, mouth falling open wider as spit slid lewdly down his chin.

Dream chuckled, eyes flicking up to meet Sapnap’s as the raven lubed up his cock. When he looked back at George, he still hadn’t moved his eyes.

The blond smiled. “You are so wrecked, Georgie.”

George was already moaning in agreement when he felt Sapnap’s cock press into him. The noise only pitched higher with the intrusion, eyelids fluttering absentmindedly as his hands clawed at the sheets. The sounds on his lips were already intoxicating, dropped out of his wide-open mouth with intent.

Sapnap bottomed out quickly, confident in the knowledge that George could take it, groaning at the sheer tightness around his cock. Then he stayed there, hands digging into the sides of George’s hips, watching Dream where he kneeled by the headboard with two fingers now shoved mercilessly in George’s mouth.

George sucked on them like his life depended on it. Batted his eyelashes and whined, glossy eyes staring right into Dream’s soul. And George’s hands on the mattress granted him enough leverage to grind down against Sapnap’s cock, pulling a too-hot groan from the raven and making his grip get tighter on his waist.

Sapnap rolled his hips once, snapping into George with quick, fast force, making his eyes screw shut and his teeth scrape against Dream’s fingers, the moan he let out half caught in his throat. Dream turned his hand over, prodding gently at the roof of George’s mouth so he pulled his head upward, lower jaw falling away from the digits as his mouth dropped open on Dream’s hand.

Dream let his fingers slide down the wetness of George’s throat for a moment as Sapnap rolled his hips again, just as quick and harsh as the first time. George’s mouth fell open farther, moan strangled and choked on as Dream shoved his fingers to the back of his throat, relishing in the way he didn’t gag.

He groaned, twisting his fingers over again to press down on George’s tongue. “Oh, your throat’s getting *fucked*, baby.”

George whined as Dream pulled his fingers out, hand dripping with spit. And he grabbed George's hair with the slick hand, tugging his head down so his pretty lips wrapped around the head of his cock.

The moment Dream's cock was in George's mouth, Sapnap started fucking him properly. It had barely been a second and it was already *so much*, his arms giving out beneath him so he fell pathetically to Dream's mercy.

Un fortunately for George, Dream was merciless.

His grip was harsh on George's hair, tugging in the way that made his scalp sting—but he wanted that. And he was snapping his hips into George's mouth relentlessly, leaving George to do nothing but lay there and take it, mouth open as wide as he could stretch and drooling all over his cock. The tears that ran down his face managed to wet his lips further, only heightening the slickness of his mouth on Dream and making the slide of it easier. Dream had a foot planted on the mattress for a better angle, shoving his cock down George's throat with a threateningly fast pace. Fuck, he could move his hips.

And Sapnap was equally unforgiving. Only difference was his cock was ruining George's hole, hands still firm and clawing in their grip on his waist, pulling his ass up further so he could screw into him from a better angle. He put one leg up and his foot on the mattress, pressed a hand between George's shoulder blades and fucking pounded the shit out of him.

The best way to describe George was a fucking *mess*. If not for the cock shoved down his throat, his screams would've been ridiculous. All it made for were a lot of vibrations against Dream's cock, pulling hot noises past his lips that mixed with Sapnap's groans and the damn creaking bed that hit the wall.

George was spitting practically everywhere, letting the saliva drip down his chin and onto his bed, coating Dream's cock in a thick layer of drool. And he was crying—no, *sobbing*—hot tears streaming down his face in a steady flow, body wracked with choked cries that got lost to Dream's cock shoved in his mouth. He attempted to tighten his lips around him, sucking hard even through the screams caught in his throat, letting the two of them have their way with his body.

God, it was so hot. Stuck between the two of them, completely at their mercy, practically being thrown between Sapnap and Dream as they thrust out of sync. It only got worse when Sapnap found the right angle, hitting George's prostate on every downstroke.

Somehow, George got louder. Even with Dream's cock rammed down his throat, he got louder. He finally made use of his hands, but only enough to twist them into grabbing Dream's hips.

"Fuck," Dream swore, tone low and gravelly. "This what you needed to finally shut the fuck up? My cock down your throat?"

George's eyes fluttered shut. *Yes, needed you to fuck my throat, need you to always fuck my throat.* He would've said it if he could speak, but he couldn't, so he dug his nails into Dream's thighs until he felt the blood drip against his fingers. Dream started groaning louder the moment he dripped crimson, and George took that as encouragement to dig his nails harder into the wounds.

Dream spit on his face. George wished it could've landed in his mouth. "Slut."

"Yeah, is that it?" Sapnap's voice groaned out from behind George, chest falling against his back. "Needed your throat fucked?"

George whined in confirmation, but the high sound was lost to everything else. Another drop of spit fell against the sheets, and George felt Sapnap's hand running up his chest, dangerously close to his cock for a moment until *fuck*. He grabbed George's throat, light with his touch for a moment, running fingers gently over the front of his neck.

"I can feel Dreamie's cock in your throat, doll," he huffed, holding George's hip with bruising tightness. "Isn't that hot?"

Yes. Both Dream and George had the same thought, and Dream could feel his stomach twist with red-hot fire at the idea. He pulled George's hair harder, watched the tears fall down his face and clump his eyelashes together, the drool he'd so lovingly spat on him still spread across his freckles.

Sapnap tightened his chokehold. Cut off the blood flow to George's head, let his brain get all fuzzy as his eyes rolled back and he took it. Fucking took it. And he couldn't even say anything about the fact that he was coming, spilling helplessly all over his own bedsheets and his body going limp between the two of them, falling closer to the realm of being nothing but a toy to be fucked.

Sapnap felt it when his body went lax beneath him. He let the hand on George's hip slide out to his front, gripping his softened cock harsh enough to make George cry harder.

"Aw, did you cum?" the raven teased, loosening his grip on George's throat. "Already?"

George could only whine. Sapnap pulsed the grip of his hand in time with his thrusts, starting a sick cycle of tightening and loosening that was enough to make George hard again. When Sapnap felt it in his hand, he chuckled through his groans, tilting George's head up farther so his half-opened eyes were forced to lock with Dream's.

"Such a pretty cocks slut, Georgie," Sapnap huffed, tightening the hand on George's throat for a moment. "A pretty fuckdoll, just for us."

Dream pulled George off his cock, watching the smaller boy gasp for air. None of the spit in his mouth got swallowed, every last drop of it sliding out onto the bed. George was so fucking hot like this, his face red and wet, mouth unable to close and his eyes dark with lust. And with his mouth free and mind so fucked, he was letting out all his pretty noises, cried in Dream's direction with no intention to stifle them.

George missed the weight on his tongue. He attempted to form his sounds into begging, attempted to ask for Dream's cock again, but nothing came out clearly. He instead made a point of sliding his hand across Dream's front, grabbing the base of his cock and attempting to pull it back into his mouth himself. But with Sapnap still pounding his ass and the hand on his throat and the way his limbs were too screwed to work properly, all he did was flop helplessly against the mattress, his head controlled thoughtlessly by the hand around his neck.

"You want it?" Dream asked breathlessly, tugging George closer. "Want my cock, you fucking slut?"

Dream tapped the head of his cock against George's wet tongue twice, waiting for that high-strung whine that was the closest to *yes* George could get at this point. Then he thrust back into his mouth, felt the immediate tightness of his throat like a vice around him, moaned with abandon at the ceiling as he fisted George's hair with two hands.

And he resumed his thrusting. Relentless in the way he fucked George's face, two hands gripping his head hard enough to hurt, the shake of his body shoving him further down on Dream. Sapnap was still going, but he'd timed himself to be in rhythm with Dream, somehow heightening all the

sensations as they came in waves all at once.

“Fuck, baby, I’m not gonna last much longer.”

Dream’s words were hot, breathless, and they urged George to re-tighten his lips. Attempt to properly suck his cock rather than just letting him fuck the wide-open hole, making the wet noises wetter and filled with hot suction, making Dream groan louder as his chest tightened and his stomach ran hot and he was coming down George’s throat.

George keened. This was exactly what he wanted. Cum spilled out of Dream’s cock, but the blond refused to quit moving his hips. George could feel it smear across his tongue, felt it slide down his throat, and when Dream pulled out again he tried to swallow it all down before it spilled out of his mouth.

He didn’t quite get all of it, and his stained bed sheets only got worse beneath him.

Dream was stroking his hair gently, heaving breaths falling past his lips as the newfound emptiness let George scream.

“So good, baby, your mouth is fucking amazing.”

George took the praise and the thumb on his wet lips, let his head fall weightless into Dream’s grip while Sapnap picked up the pace. The smash of the bed against the wall had only gotten louder, the entire frame shaking hard enough to make Dream fall against the back wall, observing the pretty, fucked-out face in front of him.

The sound of Sapnap’s hips colliding with George was lewd, increasing in volume as the raven somehow managed to go harder. His breaths had gone ragged in George’s ear and his groans got rough, the hand still on George’s throat tightening impossibly and making the brunet’s head go fuzzy.

“God,” Sapnap groaned. “Fuck, fuck, George—” And he was spilling into him, fucking all the way through his own orgasm until the lewd sounds got wetter and he was falling boneless onto George’s back, the hand on his colorful throat collapsing against the bed.

All the noises ceased suddenly, save for George’s pathetic mewls at the feel of Sapnap still buried deep in his ass. And he could feel all the cum inside of him, could still taste Dream on his tongue, could feel the swipe of the blond’s thumb against his lips as he stared down at George with blown-out pupils.

They all took heaving breaths, bodies shined with sweat and sore from all of it. Arguably, George had it the worst, laying face-down on his bed with his cock still hard against the mattress.

Sapnap pulled out slowly. And he stared for a moment, shoving all the cum that dripped out back into George’s hole, savoring the way it made the brunet whimper. He started grinding against his sheets, feeling the rough drag of fabric against his oversensitive cock, making him whine against the thumb Dream had slipped into his mouth.

“Still hard, doll?” Sapnap teased, squeezing George’s ass harshly. He took the high noise as confirmation. “Need to be fucked again?”

It was the answering whine and the bite on Dream’s thumb that made them swap places. Sapnap felt sore all over, but his aching cock had somehow managed to get half-hard again. He sat with his back against the headboard, legs spread everywhere with one foot off the bed. And he grabbed George’s face, pulled him up so he could place his head on his thigh, drawing a pathetic moan

from the brunet when his cock dragged up against the sheets.

Dream knelt behind him, two fingers prodding at George's stretched-out hole while he stroked his own cock. He stared at the gloss of cum on the pads of his fingers, eyes flitting between that and George's leaking ass, then back to his cock again.

The lube lay teasingly on the mattress. Dream ignored it, spitting on his hand and slicking himself up in haste, pressing the head of his cock against George's hole.

"Ready?"

He received nothing but a moan in audible response, but George arched his back further to press himself against Dream's cock. Dream groaned, one hand on George's waist and the other on his lower back, pressing slowly into him so he could feel the every inch of his cock when it pressed inside.

George was already close to screaming. He was overstimulated and Dream was *good*, putting just the right amount of pressure on George's body even when he bottomed out. And he wasted no time to pull back again, keeping the same slowness from before so George was forced to feel the drag of his cock as it left him.

And George had become very aware of the fact that Dream didn't use lube. He was too fucked-out to protest, but even if he could've argued—he wouldn't have. The idea of being fucked on the mix of remnants from last round, Dream's spit and Sapnap's cum was hotter than he could've imagined, and Dream would be inclined to agree.

George made attempts to form his noises into begs again, attempted to cry out a plea for "*faster*" but he made nothing but pathetic noises. He was desperate for the bed-shaking pace again, not satisfied with the mere creak of the screws. And Sapnap wasn't being rough enough either, giving him nothing but the stroke of his thumb on his jawline. For someone who'd just choked new bruises into George's neck, he was acting awful nice.

Everything about it was too much and not enough at the exact same time. George felt both bored and like he was about to explode, so he pressed back on Dream's cock and reached a shaking hand out for Sapnap's. The raven was now fully hard again, angry red and leaking precum that looked so tantalizing George would do anything to get his mouth on it. And Dream was groaning, tightening the hold on George's already bruising hips.

"Fuck," Dream swore, raising his pace only slightly. "You want more? Faster? Is that what you want?"

The returning moan was the best affirmation he was going to get, so Dream went faster. Let the bed hit the wall again while George wrapped delicate fingers around the base of Sapnap's cock, his body shaking with every thrust as the cries he let out dared to get louder.

His tongue on Sapnap's cock was sloppy at best, swiped wet and hot against the head and slit, licking the bead of precum up and into his mouth. The slide of it into his mouth was practically an accident, a particularly harsh thrust from Dream behind him sending George forward and forcing him down on Sapnap, making him whine high and in his throat as Sapnap grunted at the warmth.

Dream made it his mission to force that blowjob as sloppy as possible. He could tell just from looking at him that Sapnap was too dazed to fuck his mouth proper, rendered unable to do anything but sit with his back against the wall and take it. He ran his hand through George's hair and thumbed at the spit gathering on the corners of his mouth, letting noises nothing like the groans

from before roll past his lips.

They were not quite as pathetic as George's whines around the cock in his mouth, but it was certainly more fucked than Dream's sounds. He had worked up a merciless pace, pounding George's ass hard enough to make his eyes roll back, every bob of his head on Sapnap's cock completely unintentional. It was barely a blowjob, more just drooling pathetically over the intrusion in his mouth, savoring the dig of Sapnap's nails into his chin.

It had gotten so loud again. The bed, the noises, all of it. The sound of skin-on-skin, wet lube and spit, Sapnap's whimpers and George's cries high against Dream's. George could feel every time Dream hit his prostate—not quite on every thrust, but often enough to keep George in a constant state of seeing stars.

He had two hands on Sapnap's thighs while his head shook against him, the careless nature he was handling his mouth letting his bottom teeth drag against the underside of Sapnap's cock. It was harsher than the way George usually sucked him off, but Sapnap was more than okay with it. The roughness of his teeth only made him moan louder, the sounds rumbling in his chest before they escaped his lips, the grip on George's chin getting harsh as he squeezed his jaw to get tighter on his cock.

Were George even a little more conscious, he may have felt bad for the roughness of it. But he was not, and he was serving his purpose as a warm mouth for Sapnap's cock while Dream fucked him, barely even aware of his scraping teeth or the spit gathering excessively at the base.

There was spit everywhere. More than there was when Dream had fucked his open mouth—it was falling to the bed and sliding down George's chin and mixing with the tears that he couldn't keep spilling from his eyes. He had never been so overstimulated and on the edge before, being used so perfectly from both sides until he was reduced to nothing.

Dream slid a hand up George's back and gripped his neck from behind, harsh and bruising with his hold. It wasn't nearly as much stimulation as being choked from the front, but it still managed to make George's already hazed mind even more fucked-out, waning him down even more.

The vibrations of George's lips and throat were nearly too much for Sapnap to take. He had his head thrown back against the wall, thighs shaking on either side of George's head, overwhelmed by every sensation. Lips, throat, teeth, tongue, all of it. George wasn't even moving his tongue like he usually did, just a hot, dead weight in his mouth that kept dragging along Sapnap's cock in tandem with the teeth until every moan was a swear under his breath.

"Gonna cum," he huffed, tightening his grip on George's jaw. "Fuck, George, fuck."

And it was all filling his mouth, the movement of his head keeping up—thanks to Dream's loveless pounding—which let the white in his mouth get forced past his lips, sliding lewdly down his chin and over Sapnap's fingers in spit-diluted strands.

The maneuvering required from Sapnap to wrangle his cock free of George's mouth was excessive, but once he got his oversensitive cock free, he let George's head drop back against his thigh while he screamed.

Arguably, Dream was right. Arguably, George was screaming a hell of a lot louder than he had been when Sapnap was fucking him. It was unknown how much of that was actually because of Dream's skill or just the overstimulation, but Dream took it as fuel for his ego anyways.

He also took it as fuel to go harder. There was tiny part of George's mind that was completely

unsure of how Dream managed to have enough energy and stamina to fuck him so hard despite having already come, but the rest of him was more than happy to lay there and take it. Accept the lack of mercy, the drilling of his prostate, the tightening hand on the back of his throat that was making his brain feel like a mess.

George drooled all over Sapnap's thigh. It made the raven's skin slick with everything, from the remainder of his cum to the spit to the tears from George's eyes. He took the mess, ran fingers through it and shoved them back into George's mouth, swiping the slick he'd collected onto his tongue. It would inevitably only slide back out, but it made George sloppier and that's what he wanted.

George felt himself coming again, once again rendered unable to say anything about it. He was left to do nothing but cry and make a mess of his sheets, his voice pitching higher in his throat as his screams reverberated off every wall in the room, surely loud enough for the whole hall to hear.

And it didn't take much longer for Dream to spill in George's ass, stuffing him even fuller than before and fucking his cum deep inside of him. He was becoming a mess as well, sounds getting louder and more desperate as his grip on George's neck tightened impossibly. George screamed in a way that would've been scary in any other circumstance, but it was more hot where they were now.

Dream fell against George the moment he stopped thrusting, leaving his softening cock buried in his sore ass, heavy breathing against his neck. George was still mewling, breaths sharp and mixed with whines, his entire body shaking beneath Dream's weight.

"Fuck," Dream swore, pressing soft lips to the back of George's shoulder. "You're so hot, babe. Take it so well, so good, fuck."

Sapnap hummed in agreement, running a hand through George's messed-up hair. "Such a good little slut for us."

It was almost obnoxious that they had to clean up, but it was not up for debate. George was a mess who couldn't walk, and he barely said any real words all through the clean-up process. When he did start talking, his voice was beyond rough—scratched from the merciless treatment and his own high-pitched screams. Dream told him to shut up and go to bed.

Then Dream took one glance at George's bed and completely refused to let the brunet sleep in it, dropping his limp body onto his own bed and crawling in after him.

Sapnap was *going* to go back next door, but the moment the other two were laid on top of each other in Dream's bed, he felt left out. There was barely enough space for all three of them on that mattress, but they all piled on top of each other in a gross, sweaty heap.

They all showered the next morning. George needed help standing up for that long, and his voice was still strangled beyond belief.

Dream's headphones came in later that week. He barely used them for the rest of the semester, becoming a part of the noise he'd been trying to avoid. But this was objectively the better scenario, one where they took turns fucking George until he was practically useless, savoring the hellish bruises on his neck and chest and body, savoring the way he rarely spoke with a voice as clear as it was before. Maybe that was permanent damage and would bite them all in the ass later, but they were not long-term with their thoughts.

It only took being away from each other for Christmas break for the three of them to realize that

they properly *loved* each other, but they did. George found it almost tortuous to spend those weeks at home, arguably the farthest away from the others.

So they called every day and talked about anything they could. It was nice for George to finally have a real relationship with Sapnap, something beyond the rough-fucking. And they both teased the brunet upon the return of a pristine voice, joked about how hard they'd go when they got back to school to make up for it.

It was perfect. Between phone sex and sweet calls, it was perfect. And when they got back to school, it was only better. They called each other *boyfriends*, went a little too heavy on the PDA, and said '*I love you*' more often than they should've. Because it was true, they loved each other.

Even if they fucked like they didn't.

Chapter End Notes

my spit kink is showing
and I've never written a threesome that goes beyond blowjobs so I hope this was good

End Notes

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the thing with the finding toys in the drawer is like one of my all-time favorite tropes so if you see me do that eight hundred more times after this... forgive me :]

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